

Mixtape Mishaps by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Blood and Injury, F/M, First Meetings, M/M, and it's pretty gender-neutral, awkward teens, but nothing serious!!!

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Summary:

[jonathan byers/reader] you didn't pay much attention to the quiet boy in the back of the class, whose camera was always handy, but he surely paid attention to you.

1. the first tape

The last bell rang, dismissing everyone from their classes. Hopping out of your desk, you bustled into the hallway, moving with the herd of students.

It was another regular school day at Hawkins High.

Your classes were boring, the food in the cafeteria was gross, and the gossip stayed the same.

Nothing ever happened in the sleepy town of Hawkins, but you still felt exhausted from the day. The only thing you wanted to do was go home and pretend you forgot about your homework.

Trudging through the crowd, you made your way to your locker, and fiddled with the combination lock.

‘Was it 15 right, 22 left, or 22 right, 15 left...?’

Your locker opened with a pop, and you were slipping your textbooks in your bag when a small object clattered to the floor.

Handling it gently, you examined it, wondering how it got in your locker.

‘A cassette tape?’

“Is that from your boyfriend?”

You jolted, nearly dropping the tape again. You whirled around, coming face-to with your locker neighbors, Nancy Wheeler and Barb Holland.

You didn't see the girls often, shockingly, considering how small the school was, but you talked to them every now and then and could call them friends.

Chuckling, you gave an awkward smile at Nancy's question.

"Uh, no. I don't have a boyfriend."

"Oh, my bad," Nancy apologizes.

Barb, however, smirks.

"So, a secret admirer, then?"

"Barb!"

You fluster. Shuffling your feet, you consider it.

"I... don't think so. I mean, both of your lockers are right next to mine, so..."

The two girls blanched.

Nancy looked taken aback, and motioned towards her and Barb.

"You think the tape is for one of us?"

Barb snorted.

“It’s not for me, that’s for sure.”

You felt sheepish at their response. Rubbing the back of your head, you continued still.

“Well, I don’t know. It’s just that- I mean- I don’t know...”

The end of your sentence trailed off; you had run out of excuses.

Honestly, you didn’t think anyone in school would give you a mixtape, least of all with romantic intentions.

Really, you had lived in the town for nearly two years and no one had shown any interest in you, or asked you out; nothing. Sure, you had some friends, and got along well with most everyone, you just didn’t really see yourself as someone... desired.

It didn’t bother you most of the time, but seeing couples around town always bummed you out.

Nancy gave you a pitying look. Placing a hand on your shoulder, you guessed she was trying to be sympathetic.

“Why don’t you listen to the tape when you get home? I’m sure it’ll say who it’s for, right, Barb?”

Nodding, the taller girl agreed as well.

“Right. So... why don't we get going? You can walk home with us, (Y/N).”

You forced a smile, trying to shake off your nervous feelings.

“Yeah, yeah, you’re right. Let’s go.”

Notes for the Chapter:

howdy. uhh this is my first work on ao3 sooooo tell me if it looks bad or if you liked it! thanks for reading!

2. cafe-au-lait

Yawning, tears prickled at your eyes, and you tried to open your locker with blurry vision.

Despite going to school for the majority of your life, you just never could get used to waking up early.

Your locker, empty this time, had just popped open when a familiar voice sounded from down the hall, followed by quick footsteps.

“So, what was on the mixtape?”

Too exhausted to be startled, you craned your neck around to see a very peppy Nancy leaning on her locker.

“Uh, good morning, Nancy.”

“Right! Good morning... so?”

You chuckled at her eagerness, and told her about it.

After putting it off for several hours, doing everything you could to avoid it, you finally caved and played it.

Still wary of its contents, you braced yourself, waiting to hear someone confess their love, or scream, or anything.
Really, the last thing you expected to hear was... rock music?

Once the song ended, you erupted in laughter, feeling intensely relieved.

“... that was all that was on it? Rock music?”

“Yeah. Funny, huh?”

“What song was it? Was it good?”

“Uh, it was Should I Stay or Should I Go. The Clash, you know, real ace stuff.”

Nancy sighed dreamily, clutching a small thermos to her chest.

“That’s pretty romantic, (Y/N).”

You scrunch your nose, closing your locker and backing away.

“Rock music? I don’t know. And the tape never said who it was for, so I’m still thinking this was a mix-up.”

Nancy follows.

“Really?”

“Well, yeah. Can we talk about something else? Like,” you tap the object in her hands, “what’s in your thermos.”

Nancy laughs, apparently having forgotten about said item. She unscrews it and show you it’s contents, swirling brown liquid.

“Oh, it’s just coffee.”

“And you didn’t share any with me? Harsh, Nancy.”

The two of you laugh at your lame joke, not noticing the halls filling with people until someone bumps into Nancy. She stumbles forward, splashing the majority of the coffee on your shirt.

Hissing at the scalding sensation, you pull your soaked shirt away from your skin.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry!”

“Uh, it’s fine, s’not your fault.”

Nancy looks around frantically for something to dry your shirt with.

“I’ll go get some napkins-”

“No, no, I’ll just wear my gym clothes.”

She pauses.

“Are you okay? Maybe you should go see the nurse-”

You interrupt her fretting once more.

“Nancy, I’m fine, swear! Okay?”

The girl deflates.

“Yeah, okay.”

You grab your clothes from your locker just as the bell rings, and watch Nancy trot down the hall, looking despondent.

With a sigh, you make your way down to the locker room.

'Can this day get any worse?'

3. the second tape

At the end of the day, you trudge to your locker, damp, and smelling faintly of sweat and coffee.

Barb and Nancy are already there; the two of them offer sympathetic looks.

“Hey,” Barb starts, “so I was thinking we could-”

You open your locker, and her sentence is interrupted by a series of clacks. A small cassette tape tumbles out, and you catch it in your hands.

The three of you share a glance.

Nancy breaks into a cheeky grin.

“I told you that tape was for you! This can’t be a coincidence!”

“I don’t know-”

“Look at that,” Barb interrupts, pointing to the label of the tape.

In bold black marker and sloppy lowercase handwriting, a message is penned.

‘... sorry about your sweater. mocha is a cute color on you :) ...’

You pause.

Nancy laughs triumphantly at your nonplussed reaction.

“I told you, (Y/N)! You’ve got a secret admirer!”

Barb sighs teasingly and shakes her head.

“Look at my baby, all grown up...”

Ignoring them, you hold the tape up to the light, tilt it sideways, stare more intensely, all to see if it was a trick or not. Would the tape explode as soon as you played it? Maybe this tape would be full of screaming...

“-(Y/N)? (Y/N), you there?”

You snap out of your stupor.

“Huh?”

Barb tilts her head, giving you an unimpressed look.

“You’re worried about the tape,” she says, reading you like a book.

Nancy sighs.

“I don’t know why! You should be happy! Someone’s got a crush on you,” Nancy exclaims, and her smirk returns. She extends her hand and speaks once more.

“Do you want me to listen to it for you?”

“Uh, no!”

You clutch the tape close to your chest and recoil from her outstretched palm.

Nancy says nothing, but Barb raises her brows in amusement.

“Well, then.”

You chew on your lip, before acquiescing.

“Fine, I’ll listen to it at home. By myself, thank you very much.”

4. collateral damage

It's volleyball day in gym class.

Your thoughts are constantly being interrupted by the sound of squeaking sneakers, and your hands are bright red.

You like to think that you're pretty decent at volleyball, but no one else on your team knows how to play, and the opposite team is hell-bent on winning, which leaves you to carry the team. Nancy is on your team, and tries her best, but she's so short; she can only do so much.

Barb, benched because of a fake injury, entertains herself by teasing you continuously.

You bounce on your heels, watching your teammates fumble with a serve.

"Charlene, move back a few steps! Jenny, bend your knees and straighten your arms!"

Barb comments dryly from her seat, "Yeah, you tell 'em, coach!"

Nancy, after running forward and landing a successful serve, hops next to you and pants.

"S-so... what song was on the... tape, this time?"

You spike the approaching volleyball, nearly hitting the net.

‘That was close.’

“It was, um, Roundabout by Yes.”

Nancy scrunches her nose.

“Yes?”

You give a half-smile, still concentrating on the game.

“They’re a British band, kind of old. It’s a good song, though.”

Nancy still looks confused but shakes it off when the ball comes tumbling over next to her. She dives for it, but just barely misses it.

Your team heaves a collective sigh, while Barb heckles you once more.

“Come on, (Y/N)! It’s 22 to nothing! Put some pep in your step! ”

You turn away from the game for a second to yell at her.

“Barb, shut u-!”

“Look out!”

The volleyball slams into the side of your face, and you hear a harsh crunch from your nose.

You collapse on the floor.

Everyone starts yelling something, but your ears are ringing. Blood is pouring down your face, from your nose, maybe, and heavily soaks your shirt collar. Your vision is swimming, you're pretty sure you're crying, and several people crowd around you.

Two familiar faces... 'Barb and Nancy,' you think, and the coach, but there's also some lanky boy leaning over you. He's looking at you funny, not saying anything, and you realize it's probably because you look like an idiot.

'Man, the blood is never going to come out of these clothes...'

You don't worry about it much longer, because you pass out.

5. the third tape

“Your face is pretty beat up, (Y/N),” Nancy comments as she gently dabs at your face with a rag.

After passing out, a few students carried you to the nurse’s office, where Nancy and Barb waited for you to come to. There was nothing the nurse could really do for you, sans giving you some pain pills; despite passing out, you only had some bruising here and there, and your nosebleed had stopped a while ago.

You winced when Nancy pressed a tender bruise on the bridge of your nose.

“Wow, thanks for your support, Nancy. I’m feeling so much better,” you groaned.

Barb swings her feet next to you on the nurse’s cot.

“Well, at least you didn’t break your nose. It could’ve been worse,” she chimes, before adding unsurely, “I think.”

You shook your head fondly. Suddenly, something occurs to you.

“Hey, did you all see that kid? With the hair?”

The two girls gave you a funny look.

“Are you sure you’re feeling okay? Maybe you got hit harder than we thought,” Nancy joked, and reached for your forehead. You ducked under her hand.

“I’m mean, the kid who ran over when I got hit? He had, like,” you tried to gesture around your head.

“A bowlcut... sort of. He was a brunette? Skinny and tall? And he looked uncomfortable.”

“That’s probably because you were bleeding everywhere,” Barb interjected.

Nancy fiddled with her hands.

“I don’t know, I wasn’t paying attention. Besides, you just described most of the boys that go to this school.”

You sighed.

“I guess you’re right.”

Stretching your arms out, you exhaled deeply and stood. The girls followed suit, packing up their things. You grabbed your bookbag and swung on your jacket.

“Let’s head to- wait, did I leave my keys in the gym?”

You inspected your bag, and searched your pockets, coming away with your house keys... and another mixtape.

Upon its appearance, the two girls crowded around you, eyes wide with curiosity.

There was a note on the side.

‘ ... sorry about your nose. i hope you feel better soon!! ps, you can

get blood stains out with cold water :) ... ’

You reread the note several times, only just noticing that your shirt was stained with a trail of blood on it.

“So,” you started.

“That guy I saw is definitely the one sending these tapes.”

6. strategic planning

“How can you be so sure it was that weird kid? There were plenty of other people in that gym class; one of them could’ve slipped you the note,” Barb protested, taking a long sip from her milk carton.

You paused.

‘Damn. She’s right, but that’s so many people!’

The incident with your nose had only made you miss two classes, and you decided to stay in school. Right then, you, Nancy and Barb were discussing your plan of attack on the boy you saw in gym class over putrid school lunches.

Nancy spoke in your silence, idly toying with the misshapen carrots on her tray.

“Well, it might not be him, but he’s the only lead we have right now. If it’s not him, then we can just eliminate that possibility.”

Barb shrugged, nonchalant as ever.

“So, this kid has gym class the same period as us, with Mr. What’s-his-name ...” Barb trailed off, trying to remember his name.

“Mr. Brown,” you answered.

“Right. So, could we ask him for that kid’s name?”

“I don’t know. He’s got four classes of forty kids, and like Nancy said,

he looks like every other guy in this school.”

Nancy, who had stayed mostly silent, suddenly hopped up.

“Wait a minute! Our lockers don’t have our names on them!”

You and Barb blanched.

“Um, yeah?”

Nancy grinned at your obliviousness and shook her head.

“You don’t get it; if he knows where your locker is, then he’s been watching you!”

Barb snorted.

“Way to freak her out, Nancy. This guy sounds like a real studmuffin.”

Nancy continued, unfazed.

“I mean, he’s got to have a locker in the same area as us, since he saw me spill that coffee on you, too! So, all we have to do is watch the boys who have lockers near ours!”

You thought about it.

“Uh, do you think I’ll recognize him? I mean, I didn’t really get a good look at him the first time I saw him.”

Nancy hummed in consideration.

“Well, you might recognize him. It’s not a foolproof plan, but it’s all we’ve got. It’s worth a shot, right?”

7. collision

“Do you see him?”

Your whisper was barely heard by the two girls next to you, keeping watch for your secret admirer.

You fiddled with the books in your locker in an effort to look casual.

Nancy answered you, still focused on the hall’s inhabitants.

“Uh, not yet, I don’t think. ‘A lanky, uncomfortable kid with a brown bowl cut’, ” Nancy recited his (poor) description to herself.

“Do you think he’s avoiding you?”

Barb put in her two cents.

“Maybe he’s not at school today. Tall kids are always the delinquents, you know.”

“You’re a tall kid, Barb,” you retorted.

“I know.”

Nancy hushed you two at the sound of approaching footsteps.

“Shh! I think that’s him! Act normal!”

You shoved your face deeper in your locker, while Barb leaned against hers dramatically.

Nancy paused as whoever it was walked by, before speaking again.

“Never mind; false alarm. It’s was just some kid with a hat on.”

The both of you exhaled heavily.

“Jeez, Nancy, I almost had a heart attack,” you moaned.

“That just means you like this mystery boy,” Barb teased, mischievous grin present.

“S-shut up, Barb.”

Barb grinned and laughed at the crimson color that had overtaken your cheeks.

Before you could embarrass yourself further further, the bell rang, and everyone scattered to their respective classes. The two girls bid you farewell, and dashed off, while you stayed at your locker, moving at a slow pace.

‘So, maybe I do like this guy... but is he really trying to avoid me?’

Sighing, you pushed it all to the back of your mind.

‘Geez, I need to get my head out of the clouds...’

You turned, and had just started down the hallway when you crashed into someone’s chest.

The force knocked the other person over, and whatever papers they had scattered across the floor. The person dropped to their knees immediately, and you followed suit, shuffling papers together and apologizing simultaneously.

“Uh, hey, I’m so sorry. I wasn’t looking where I was goi-”

“N-no, it was all my fault. Don’t-don’t worry about it. Sorry,” they glanced at you for a moment and your eyes met briefly.

You offered a smile, but they quickly averted their gaze.

‘Wow, real smooth, (Y/N)!’

Inhaling deep, you tried to lighten the mood.

“I’m (Y/N). What’s your’s?”

They stayed silent, and you stumbled over your words.

“Your-your name, I mean.”

Once again, no reply.

Grabbing a stray book, you piled the papers together and held them out.

“Here,” and their eyes met yours once more, seeming hesitant.

“... thanks. Uh, I’m Jonathan.”

Jonathan slipped everything into his backpack and started rushing out the front doors. You found it odd that he was already leaving, but stood and watched silently.

Looking down, you caught sight of a small dropped object and after picking it up, called out.

“Hey, Jonathan, wait! I think you dropped something.”

Jonathan spun on his heel, looking shocked by your usage of his name.

“O-oh...”

“Yeah, here you go- uh, wait a minute.”

Upon closer inspection of the object, you can see that it's a... mixtape.

Your heart leaps into your throat, and the atmosphere of the hall grows tense.

Jonathan mutters something and reaches out to grab the tape.

“Um, do you think I could have that back... ?”

You draw your hand back, and Jonathan's cheeks burn as he drops his arm. Bringing the tape closer, you read the note on the side of it.

‘... would you meet me at benny's today? at six, maybe? :) ...’

8. uncomfortable confrontation

"So, you had, um, a crush on me?"

You and Jonathan were perched outside on the school steps.

After discovering the tape, and finding out that the nervous, flustered boy in front of yourself (equally nervous and flustered) was your secret admirer, you had forced him to sit and explain himself, to which he reluctantly agreed.

Jonathan scratched the back of his neck, and muttered a single word.

"Have."

"What?"

"You, uh, said I had a crush on you. I have a crush on you," he corrected you gently, and at the end of his bold sentence, he met your eyes, as if to instate his truth, but glanced away quickly.

You blinked. The fact that this kid you had never met had a crush on you was very... overwhelming, and you were barely keeping it together. Heart racing, you felt the heat rush to your cheeks and swallowed harshly.

"Y-yeah. Right. Uh, so how did you see Nancy spill her coffee on me? I figured you had a locker near mine, but I never saw you, I don't think."

"My locker is across the hall from yours. I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable by, uh, watching you, I didn't mean to, it just—"

"No, no, it's okay," you stopped him before he went on a tangent. "You didn't make me uncomfortable."

'I didn't really notice, anyway, so...'

He gave a breathy laugh and a small smile at your reassurance.

“... how’d you get my locker open?”

“I just pushed on the door. You can do it to anyone’s locker, really,” Jonathan said, starting to lose some of his tension.

“Oh,” you hummed. You’d have to try that later.

“Was that you in gym class? Leaning over me.”

“Y-yeah. I guess I kind of panicked when you got hit...”

“Uh, Barb and Nancy said they didn’t see you around after that. When’d you slip the tape in my pocket?”

“After I carried you to the nurse’s office.”

“You did what?!”

It was your turn to feel awkward. You recoiled slightly at your loud tone. Jonathan winced, and scrambled closer to mollify you.

“I-I’m sorry! I just wanted to help, I mean, you really scared me, and I was worried that you wouldn’t be okay, or that you were really hurt and I wanted to make sure you got there safe, at least so I-”

“O-okay... I mean, thanks for your help,” you interrupted, trying to regain your previous calm.

‘Okay, so he carried you to the nurse’s office. No big deal, nothing embarrassing, or romantic about that... right?’

Clearing your throat, you started again.

“S-sorry. For worrying you.”

He nodded in response.

“It's okay.”

“So, how long have you had a crush on me?”

Jonathan cheeks flushed.

“S-since you first moved here,” he stuttered.

You scrunched your brows in confusion. You'd never met Jonathan before, so why did he have a crush on for so long? How did he have a crush on you way back then? You cringed at the thought of your sophomore self.

Jonathan noticed how nonplussed you were and tried to explain.

“Uh, I guess you don't remember me. W-when you first transferred here, you had a photography class with me. Uh, you sat next to me and we always got partnered together for projects. Um, you didn't know much about photography, but you really had a good eye for subjects, y-you know?”

Jonathan paused to judge your dumbstruck expression and continued quickly.

“I mean, you switched classes right after, and we haven't had any together since, and I don't like most people, but you're just so funny, nice, amazing, I d-don't think I could have helped but to get a crush on you.”

Your face erupted with a fierce blush.

‘I-I totally remember that...’

“J-Jonathan,” you called. Said boy’s face burned as well, looking you right in the eyes.

“... yes?”

You inhaled deep.

“Um,” the eye contact was breaking your resolve, and you hid your face in your hands. When you spoke, your words came out muffled.

Jonathan leaned in.

“Huh?”

“I said... I think that’s really sweet of you. Um, I’d really love to go out with you sometime... if that’s okay with you, I mean,” you finished hastily.

Jonathan stared at you, before giving a brilliant smile that nearly knocked the breath out of your lungs.

“I was supposed to ask you that... but, yes, I’d love to go out with you.”

You grinned in return.

“Are you doing anything today?” Jonathan asked quickly, breaking the silence.

"No?"

You spoke, feeling lost.

With a quick glance at his wristwatch, he stood and extended a hand to you.

"If we hurry, I think we can still make it to Benny's before six comes around."

Smiling even wider, you took Jonathan's hand in your smaller one and hopped up beside him.

Giving his clammy hand a squeeze, you giggled at his flustered face.

"Yeah, let's go. It's a date."

9. epilogue: declaration of dependence

“Okay, alpha particles that travel through gold foil become...?”

“Um, I don’t know... unauthorized space?”

“Yep, you got it,” Barb spoke, flipping around the notecards you had been using to study for your upcoming chemistry test. Since the test was next period, Barb and Nancy had been helping you cram during lunch.

“I don’t know why you’re so nervous about this test, (Y/N),” Nancy hummed, skimming her own

set of notecards. “You’ll do fine.”

‘She’s probably right...’

Sighing, you rubbed your hands over your face and tried to purge yourself of your previous anxiety.

“Oh, c’mon, (Y/N). What’s really bothering you? You never stress about tests,” Barb commented, pushing around misshapen carrots on her lunch tray.

You groaned from in between your hands.

“It’s just that, I mean, so, like, but he, and so I-”

“Spit it out!”

You groaned once more, flopping down face first on the lunch table.

Nancy seemed mildly concerned, but Barb had become accustomed to your usual antics.

Amongst the cacophony of the cafeteria, you finally spoke up.

“So you know how Jonathan and I call each other every night?”

“Yeah?”

“So last night, everything was going fine, we’re having a nice conversation, and then we were getting ready to hang up and...”



“Are you serious, Jonathan?! That’s hilarious! Why didn’t you tell me this when we were in class?”

You questioned your boyfriend between your roaring fit of laughter.

The two of you had begun a ritual of calling each other every night, just so you could talk without having to worry about being around other people. It really seemed to help Jonathan open up to you; he was much more talkative on the phone.

Jonathan’s distorted voice travelled through the old receiver of your home phone, and you could hear the smile in his tone.

“I don’t know. I think I just... forgot about it? I guess I didn’t think it was that funny at the time.”

“Yeah, well, it totally is...” you drawled out the last word, trying to muffle a sudden yawn so Jonathan wouldn’t hear. Unfortunately, he picked up on it almost immediately.

“Hey, (Y/N)?”

“Hmm?”

“It’s getting kind of late...”

You checked the clock on the wall. 8:45.

“Not really,” you pouted, even though you knew he couldn’t see it.

“Yeah, really,” Jonathan chuckled. “You have a chemistry test tomorrow, too, so you need to get plenty of rest.”

“Oh, fine. I can take a hint,” you grumbled cheekily. “Goodnight, Jonathan.”

“Goodnight, (Y/N). Love you.”

‘What? Did I hear that right? Did- did he just say... oh my god,’ you thought, panicking internally.

‘Should I say it back? Did he even mean to say... that? I mean, we’ve barely been dating for a month! Does he really like me that much? Do I even like him that much?!’

Jonathan seemed to realize his mistake as well, and quickly tried to rectify it.

“Wait, (Y/N), I meant- um-”

“No, wait, wait! Don’t- don’t say anything, Jonathan!”

For a minute neither of you spoke.

“I... Goodnight!” You practically shouted in the receiver, which you then promptly slammed into the wall.



“He confessed his love and you hung up on him?”

“Wow... who knew he was so bold?”

Nancy and Barb reacted to your experience with varying degrees of disbelief.

Nancy rested her head on her palm, a cute smile growing on her face.

“That’s... actually sort of romantic, (Y/N)! I’m jealous,” she spoke.
“Steve hasn’t said anything like that to me. Well, he hasn’t said anything yet.”

You lifted your head from the table.

“Romantic? We’ve only just started dating, Nanc! Don’t you feel like this is a little rushed and all?”

Barb chimed in lackadaisically, “Yeah, you and him haven’t even gotten to first base yet, let alone third, and he’s already in love with you.”

You gave Barb a sour look. She only laughed in response.

“The issue isn’t that he said he loved you,” here you interjected Barb’s sentence with a guttural groan. “The issue is if he meant it or not, right?”

Nancy perked up, sparkles in her eyes.

“Do you think he meant it?”

“I don’t know! How would I even ask him? I’ve been avoiding him all day,” you spoke miserably.

“Mm, well, it looks like you won’t get to for much longer,” Barb spoke, looking towards the entrance of the cafeteria.

“What do you mean?”

Your gaze followed Barb’s outstretched finger, coming to rest on the one-and-only Jonathan Byers craning his neck to search the cafeteria for you.

“Shit! Hide me!”

Grabbing your bag and shoving your tray away, you dived underneath the table in between Barb and Nancy’s legs.

“Ow- oh, shh! Here he comes!”

After much struggle and being the recipient of few kicks, you managed to squeeze into an inconspicuous spot and prayed not to be found.

Tentative footstep approached the table and you held your breath.

“H-hi, guys,” Jonathan spoke.

His worn boots stopped right in front of where you were, and you prayed that your allergies wouldn’t suddenly decide to flare up.

The girls greeted Jonathan calmly, contrasting to how nervous you felt.

“Uh, I just came to ask if, well, if either of you had seen (Y/N) around? I really need to talk to her.”

Above the table, Barb and Nancy shared a look.

“Mm, nah, haven’t seen her.”

“Me neither. Maybe she wasn’t feeling well.”

Jonathan sighed.

“R-right. If you see her, will you tell her I’m looking for her? Um, I’ll see you guys around,” and Jonathan paced his way out into the hallway.



“Hey, Jonathan.”

“(Y/N)?”

You smiled weakly at Jonathan, trying to look more positive than you felt.

After ditching the cafeteria, you realized that you were finally sick of running from your problems. Hell, if a love confession could even be called a problem.

You decided direct confrontation was the best choice of action and caught Jonathan out in the parking lot by his car.

Neither of you really knew what to say, just stood around awkwardly, even though both of you had the same idea of what ‘this’ was about.

“You planning on playing hooky again?” You questioned, gesturing towards Jonathan’s car.

“A-ah, not really, I just came out to get some air.”

“Huh.”

You lapsed into silence once more.

“(Y/N), I wanted to apologize for earlier, on the phone. I know that's what's been bothering you. It was just a slip of the tongue, and if it made you uncomfortable then... you can just forget I even said anything. I know it was stupid, but it was an accident, honest. I, I understand if you want to break up after this.”

Jonathan trailed off near the end, staring intently at the ground.

“You think I want to break up with you?”

“Well, yeah,” Jonathan muttered glumly.

“Jon, babe, I-”

You found yourself at a loss for words.

You cared for Jonathan more than anyone, like, ever, and he thought you wanted to break up with him?

Flabbergasted, you ambled forward and buried your face into Jonathan's chest, grabbing his jacket tightly in your palms.

Jonathan nearly toppled over in shock, but wound his arms around you anyway.

“... (Y/N)?”

“Jonathan, I don't know what to say,” you mumbled pulling back slightly, resting your cheek on his chest.

“I didn't make me uncomfortable when you said you loved me. I

think it was more... shocking, than anything. I don't want to break up with you either, but I think that's obvious by now.”

Jonathan chuckled and gently placed his chin on top of your head.

“I’m kind of glad you said it.”

“You are?”

“Mhm, but only if you meant it.”

“I did- I do. I do... love you.

His words brought another sigh from you.

“I really care for you, Jonathan, I do, but I don't know if-”

“It's okay, (Y/N). You don't have to say it.”

“... thank you.”

The two of you sat in silence, entangled and intertwined with each other.

“So, do you want to skip class?”

“Hell yeah.”

Notes for the Chapter:

thanks for reading!!